This chapter presents life sketch of noted Marathi writer Laxmibai Tilak. ‘Smruti Chitre’ is a true account of a struggle of a woman who has struggled throughout her life without proper resources. Through her life sketch, Laxmibai has given message to women of the country how to find their own identity and overcome from harsh circumstances.

6.1 Laxmibai Tilak: A Profile

Laxmibai Tilak was born and brought up in orthodox conservative Brahmin family, married at the age of eleven to Narayan Waman Tilak, known Marathi poet of his time.

Laxmibai Tilak’s ‘Smruti Chitre’ also written originally in Marathi and later on translated in English by Josephine, ’I follow After’ and Louis Menezes as ‘Sketches of Memory’, Laxmibai admits in the beginning of her memoir,

“I am very energetic by nature and though in spirit”. Later in her autobiography, once again she admits that, “I am like a rubber ball bouncing back again and again.”

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6.2 Laxmibai Tilak’s Smruti Chitre: A study

The memoir traces the life of Laxmibai (1969-1936) and her transformation of the illiterate impish prankster Manu Gokhale daughter of orthodox chitpavan Brahmin with a phobia of pollution by lower caste and obsessive faith for cleanliness. According to, custom of her time, she was married off by her parents at the age of 11, she becomes Laxmibai Tilak wife of Narayan Waman Tilak, and she was an accomplished Marathi poet. When Narayan Waman Tilak converted to Christianity, she was shocked, traumatized and has no plan to follow him. However, she continues to work out on his footsteps. She reaches a point, when she thinks that caste distinctions were man made, not God, and from that day, she eats and drinks from everybody’s hand. She attends Tilak’s prayer services. Gradually, she overcomes her distaste, and eventually be Christian herself.

It so happens that both Tilak and Laxmibai decided to become Christians. However, what is important is that they chose, despite hardship, to follow their conscious to, redefine for them what religion and spirituality meant. Smruti Chitre’ is a classic Autobiography, displaying spirit of humanity and service to community.

Laxmibai’s memories lead from one relationship and incident to the next in chronological sequences. They are dominated by her interaction with people such as Govindrao Mama and Atyabai, her surrogate parents, elder sister Bhikutai, Son Dattu, niece Gharumai, the child poet Thombre, her adopted children, family friends and fellow Christians.

She tells about her life and conversion with great simplicity step by step in systematic manner. With his encouragement despite her limited formal education, Laxmibai composed some superb poetry Laxmibai wife of a Reverend Tilak. She does not write in that model; she writes about herself, her point of view. Laxmibai starts of as a very staunch Brahmin woman and she comes to a point where she feels that all thing like,’ I am pure, you are polluted’ are meaningless and she starts drinking water even from sweeper’s house. In addition, during the famine she takes in small girls whom she knows nothing about and brings them to her home. This is in fact an elevation of human kind. She does talk about reverend Tilak and his problems of conversion but she is very
conscious that she is writing her autobiography, and indeed the autobiography is considered a masterpiece in the genre of Marathi autobiographies. ‘Smriti Chitre’ is presented as a one-woman show.

This is what makes the book relevant for our times, Susan Sontag has written somewhere,

‘Every age has to reinvent the project of spirituality for itself. Given the hordes rampaging through the country in the name of religion, purity, anti-obscenity, authentic Indian behavior and the rest, it is a project.”

Laxmibai’s light linear narration shows her a spirited woman with a zest of life we are primly to her thoughts her light-hearted approach to life and level headedness in times excessive sentimentality and hypocrisy caught in a variety of relationship. A true survivor, she puts the post-modern Indian woman with her persistent sans-bahu problem. At the same time, she takes difficult time and people in her stride, cherishing with warm family ties and good times

“Where it not for a will the birth of goodness would never be known”

The stormy relationship that was destructive as it was nurturing. Laxmibai was often abandoned and left to her own fortune, as her husband repeatedly gave away her belongings and left to pursue career in with, ultimately seeking succor in religion.

Having weathered starvation, pennilessness and the death of their two children, she is finally driven over the edge when he converts to Christianity without her knowledge. Refused permission by her family to live with him for fear of pollution, she goes through the darkest period of her life. It is during this time that she discovers her poetic talent. Their communication this time is through poetry and when, they are reunited five years later, she overcomes the final hurdle in her personal growth. She rids herself of the shackles of caste so deeply ingrained since childhood and converts to Christianity of her freewill.
The second half of Laxmibai’s life with Tilak was possibly the most productive. She dedicated herself to the cause of women’s education and fights against ignorance and corruption, discovered her spontaneity as public speaker, turned business woman-investor, published her poems and supported Christian bhajans written by her husband for Indian Christians. After his death, she added 64 chapters to his ten, of the acclaimed epic Christian. Much of her writing was done with matchsticks, to be transcribed later by Thombre. Active until the very end, she fulfilled her promise to her readers,

“The day I rest forever, will be the day my pen shall rest to.”

Laxmibai was born on 1869 in a Hindu Chitpawan Brahmin family. Her maiden name was Manakarna Gokhle. Her birthplace is Jalalpur near Nasik. She belongs to a male dominated orthodox and conservative family. According her mother’s promise, she was brought by her Atyabai. She married at the age of 11 (1880) with the Narayan Waman Tilak, who as a husband and teacher taught basic literacy and slowly she could match her husband’s footprints. Her own family as well as in-laws was orthodox and conservative. Her father and father-in-law, both were dominant male characters in her life. As Laxmi Bai narrates, the incident occurred with her father,

“A mahar splashed a drop of water on me as I walked to the place,” and he said,

“I am polluted, Keep away, and keep away! Pour water on me- I must wash.”

In addition, he washed and washed, ritually, religiously, resolutely, for the next twenty-five years or so, right until the day of his death. She has witnessed her mother’s sufferings at home and heard about her mother-in-law’s from Tikal. She described the patriarchal influence on the family with every small incident. Her father’s strictness, dominating nature and orthodox conservative attitude creates problems for Laxmibai. He has a phobia of pollution of lower caste and obsessive faith for cleanliness. Even, the practice was to wash anything either money or in exchanged anything received in exchange. Nana’s rule for his household was certainly unusual. Even, salt, jiggery, oil, chilly powder must be washed. Ai and Ajibai were allotted this duty irrespective of
quality and quantity. After his arrival, he inquired from children that everything was washed or not by the family members.

They managed to answer him with a straight face but sometimes, they made a slip out of fear. Then, all hell would break loose. Children were not having freedom to talk with their father even a child sleeping near the wheat, become polluted and must be washed. There for they prefer to stay at Aatyabai’s house where they enjoyed freedom and happiness. It’s strange that he never saw the contradiction between his concern for family and tainted quality of his human relationship get against this arrogance of power and Laxmi Bai’s narrative style is observed in rituals of her marriage with Tilak;

“We played wedding games with supari where they put a bitternut in the groom’s left hand, and the bride had to get at it with her right hand and then it was the groom’s turn. There was gulni too, where the bride and the groom take a sip of water and spit it at each other. Tilak did not like any of them much, but went along with everyone anyway.

Our wedding was free of quarrels and disagreements- a blessing”

The death of her Mother-in-law described in a very sensitive manner and the repentance of her father-in-law after her departure is very touchy as she writes,

“Shiva, he grieved, as he saw the money for her rites, he mumbled, and gave in an uncontrollable fit of grief”

Tilak has developed the habit of absconding from the house from the childhood days, which he has continued after marriage too. Laxmi Bai remembers this very well as she narrates,

'The night he fled. Tilak slept in dharmashala, a rest house. In the morning, he walked along the road to Nashik. He led him except the clothes he was wearing. No money; not
even a piece of bread. No idea as to where he was going either. All he knew was to walk as far as his feet would carry him.8

6.3 Comparative Study of Laxmibai with Marathi Writers

Manakarna Gokhale renamed as Laxmibai Tilak, after her marriage. Laxmibai had no formal schooling; however, through Tilak’s encouragement, she learned to read and write Marathi, mastering the language to the extent of later writing her autobiography, Smruti Chitre, which turned out to be an autobiographical masterpiece in Marathi. As her autobiography was so much appreciated by Acharya Atre and other prominent authors of Marathi literature that at the time of its publication Shri Atre spoke to her,

“Laxmibai does not even know how to use a pen. Most of her writing was done with the tip of a matchstick. Most of us at the service of literature use fountain pens! However, none of these writers has been able to produce a book as heartrending as, Smruti Chitre, now on behalf of all of us; I placed my head on Laxmibai’s feet. I solicitously implore her –You have served Marathi literature abundantly: please go on writing. We have no heart to say this-We are pitiless, that we must ask you to write more and more. In addition, this is my prayer for your old age—may you enjoy great peace, and may your life be full of joy and repose.”9

'Even renowned Marathi poet Kusumagraj says about her in his beautiful poem,

“A butterfly among flowers you will be, as are you a koel, in the fullness of spring.
Though the lands turn barren, when spring is at an end, forever will it be spring with me.”10

Laxmibai’s marriage life was a disruptive one as Tilak as a husband had trusted her and put his faith completely in her still she has to fight her life on her own.
There are interesting situations and discussions between them about finance, nurturing of children and social services where they have opposite ends. Her father-in-law too was very harsh to her when she was compelled to stay with her. He instructed her,

“I won’t tolerate any disorder here, or any of your clumsiness. Here are the vessels. Here is the firewood. There is a well outside. Now get on with our evening meal”

However, Mamanji was harsh to her but he has unshakable faith in her. He has harassed her in all the ways but there were two qualities to his credit. He never threw an improper word at Laxmibai or he has not blamed her directly for any of her mistakes. When Laxmibai and Tilak were going to Bombay on the way in the train Tilak has started distributing fruits to everyone in the compartment and started throwing vegetables from the train at every station. He shouted to Laxmibai,

“Why do you bother, woman? You will get everything in Bombay except father and Mother.”

Their marriage life was full of travelling and suffering. Tilak never realized the seriousness of household responsibility and he was up to some extent a free soul to live his own life without keeping any tension of the family. When Laxmibai informed him about her first son,

“When Tilak realized that he was to become a father, he took me to my parents’ home and promptly vanished from Bombay. Nothing was heard of his where about for the next six months.”

This shows that Tilak was not serious either for her or for the children. Even Laxmibai has intense faith in his actions, which were right or wrong. Once, Tilak wrote poem titled”’My Wife’” around that. Of course, he immediately read it out to pendse his ardent listener,
“Ah, that’s our Manu,’ pendse complimented. Tilak’s reply was indifferent. ‘The poem is mine, but there is no personal connection with it.”14

This shows that he was not able to express his love and affection for his wife openly in front of others or he is a philosophical person having detachment approach. They have difference of opinion in their life. Laxmibai has accepted it openly as she writes,

“When Tilak wrote a book of poems entitled ‘Devicha Prasad’ (The Gift of Goddess) here, and the book was published by the Jagirdar of wani. Our preceptor often visited usat home. Just as I need a pan supari after my meal, I sometimes feel like listening to your quarrels-they are hilarious.”15

When Tilak was baptized, the news spread like fire in the forest in entire his family and friends at Nasik, Jalalpuur, Nagar and other places. Keshavrao Mama asked Tilak when they could meet him,

“‘We’ve come to investigate, said Keshavrao mama, ‘I’ve become a Christian. Take care of your sister. There is a river at Nasik as well as Jalalpur…..seeing that she does not take her own life said Tilak. ‘There is nothing between the two of you, now, muttered Keshavrao Mama. How does it matter to you, if she lives or dies?’”16

Laxmibai’s reaction to this was very moderate and respectful for the husband as a true Indian woman,

“Let him be one, then, whoever he is, as long as he is happy! What if, he is gone? All he has done is taken a bit of skin off my forehead.”17

News of Laxmibai’s ill health and aftershocks reached to Tilak and a telegram arrived from him. The telegram was followed by letter and self-addressed envelope. Laxmibai wrote back to him in the form of a poem,
“My friend! Night and day,

Torments a thought,

Like a husband’s second wife...

Hope – my sister true-

Fills my heart with joy, but Anxiety- strange servant—

Makes idle chatter.”

After baptism when Tilak visited her with a European woman who told Laxmibai,

“Bai, Here is your husband, such a nice man too- he has not taken another wife. I flew into a flaming rage. So he has brought you along as a lawyer, has he? I spat; pointing to Tilak, so he is faultless and me, I am the one in the one wrong, amI? I have not remarried either. He and I are still married to each other. There is no reason for you to play the mediator. He will talk to me if he wants to.”

When Tilak asked Laxmibai to come to Nagar and stay with him, she has opposed the idea. Therefore, Tilak was furious and spoke to her angrily,

“You’re challenging me, are you? You always do! A whole lifetimes’ passed by and I do not remember that you ever listened to me I’ve listened to everything you have said until now, but no more .I will not tolerate any loss to the child because of your whims. Think about it—or have until five thirty this evening to make your decision. Five and a half years I’ve given to decide: I cannot give you any more .I shall take Dattu. There are other ways open to me, if you will not let me go.”
One thing was clear in their relationship that Tilak has never expressed his love for Laxmibai or he has never dictated her in any terms not in the matter of religion. He wanted Laxmibai’s conversion to Christianity but he never forced her. As argued with her,

“What madness is this? I will never force you to become a Christian. I became one because I liked the faith very much. If it appeals to you and you become one too, I would be delighted. But I’ll never, ever, force you.”

There was lot of difference of approach in their relationship. Tilak thought that Laxmibai would be happy with household items but Laxmibai was always worried about the financial position of the house. When she asked for sarees for her instead of other household material, she asked him,

“What are you doing? Why did not you just buy two lugdes instead of these? You have no knowledge of psychology. When a man does something with enthusiasm, he ought to be encouraged- not screeched at! This is why you and I do not get along. Nothing I do please you.”

Regarding their approach to religion, also they have lot of difference of attitude as Laxmibai has more inner faith in the lord but she never shows or expresses and her understating for the religion is also much better. Once when they were reciting prayers at the church she spoke after Dattu,

“God, have mercy on me, a sinner. God will never have mercy on you. Tilak said. Why not? How you I feel if you, tied to me by a solemn promise, were to abandon me? In addition, in the same way, if you are devoted to Christ and yet keep away from him, how will god be pleased with such dishonesty? How will he have mercy on you?”

Tilak has strong desire about Laxmibai that she should become something. Either a writer, poet or an orator but something she should become so that she can be independent. His thinking leads to promotion of women’s liberalization and supporting the cause of
female identity. He wants herself away from patriarchal clutches and orthodox thinking. At the same time, he was aware of Laxmi Bai’s capacity,

“One of his own greatest desires was to see his wife become someone important - a writer, a poet, good speaker and so, he tried to mold me in every way he could. He had given up any hopes of my achieving the first two, yet he never quite given up any hope of my achieving the first two, yet he never gave up hope completely.”

The bhajans that was sung at the funeral procession was Tilak’s own. I can still hear the tune and verses, lingering after sixteen long tears,

“Why should he fear, he who has the lord?
He forgets all else, and speaks only of him.

He lives in the world, grateful

However, does not belong to it.

He holds no wealth on earth

However, everything is his, beyond.

The body is his, his soul belongs to Christ

One such as him tramples underneath

Anxiety and disease-death, itself”

The other important factor of the memoir is Laxmibai’s transformation from Manu Gokhale to Ajibai as the entire memoir shows her different roles as daughter to grandmother and philanthropists. This is happened as the strong faith in the caste system from childhood days were changed throughout her association with Tilak and her experiences of life and learning. This transformation is started with the troubles and problems faced by her experiences after Tilak’s baptism are eye opening as people were
not ready to accept her or he child even for renal house also. When Dattu told her that they had you move for another house, Laxmibai was confused with anxiety,

“What do you mean another house? I am not coming. It does not matter, if you will or will not come- the owner of this house does not want you here. Why? He is the master. The other house is belonging to a Brahmin. I have arranged A Maratha woman to scrub and clean the vessels. In addition, Guajarati Brahmin for the water. 'But early next morning the woman owner of the house sent a message saying, ‘You 'are not to use the latrine.’’ so the latrine too was sacred and orthodox now.”

Then Tilak asked her to move in the Christian community where they have the majority. However, Laxmibai refused,

“I want live among them. Then where are we to go? Havent’you sees for you Brahman-ness of the Brahmin. The Brahman is the guardian of sacred knowledge and how jealousy, they guard it! I ’m not the one giving you grief, your own people are keeping their distance. What matter I to do about this?”

Laxmibai narrates other incident about the collection of water from the common- tap as she writes,

“Bai please move aside a little, I said, let me fill this preacher. The other woman shouted to Laxmi. You are a Brahmin, obviously a Brahmin, What is that to me? If you’re a Brahman why have you come to this tap?”
The hardship for water Laxmibai had faced was terrible. As, there was vehemence of caste barriers in the minds of the people which was preventing them from normal behavior. Laxmibai narrates these pathetic incidents to awaken social awareness among people and to reflect her period. The following lines clarifies more,

“We had difficulty with water it had to be brought a far. Water was available, after a fashion- in a leather-bag, delivered by a Muslim. I would take a vessel on my heap and fetch water for our needs; the others used the water in the leather-bag. One day, I offered some food left over to lower caste a Mang woman but she refused it. ‘Bai, we do not eat anything from Christians.’”

This was the situation of her days where caste differences were very dominant in the minds of people. The water problem has become traumatic for Laxmibai as she got nausea feelings. Tilak could realize the psych traumatic situation and consoled Laxmibai,

“It’s true dharma to take care of one’s body; besides, water loses its impurity if it flows four cubits, according to Hindu Dharma. Drink this now”

With this drinking water from leather bag fetched by Ashmmabai made Laxmibai repents about her religious position, she could not have afternoon seats, she was sobbing in her bed, and Tilak was taking rounds considering he guilty. Laxmibai was thinking in her mind and mumble to herself,
'God, what did I do today? What would my ancestors in heaven say? What peace must I perform for this sin? How much I repent.'

This was the mindset of Laxmibai before she chosen to walk on the footprints of Tilak and decided to become Christian herself. Tilak undertook a variety of modest jobs in different towns in Maharashtra at different times in his life, including the job of a teacher, a Hindu priest, and a printing press compositor. In 1891, he got a job in Nagpur as a translator of Sanskrit literature. He travelled a lot for preaching and teaching. as a philanthropist by nature he has never accumulated either wealth or house hold items as against Laxmibai’s will .His nature was full of mercy and pity for poor, he blindly trust anyone without proper inquiry, and sometimes got cheated by others. Due to Tilak’s nature, Laxmibai has to suffer a lot financially and socially. She has managed the nurturing of children without his support. The orphan children they used to adopt without considering their financial position that Dr. Hume once scolded them to reduce the number of children. They have competition among both of them about service to humanity. The adoption of Haunshi is such an incident.

“What shall I call you? Asked the girl. My name is Laxmi. My son calls me bai-you may call me as you wish. She began to call me bai, too. I was not a Christian, but Tilak’s Bible lay near at hand. I took it up and prayed sincerely, asking God if I was doing the right thing .I opened the nine and read a piece. 'The tree planted near running water, gives fruit in times of prosperity, and its leaves do not fade…’ Whatever fears and scruples I had harbored were destroyed by this line, and I grew convinced that god was urging me on. I had not asked the girl her caste, for I had left my beliefs about caste differences and ritual purity far behind. 'When Tikal inquired about the girl on his arrival, Laxmibai replied coolly '‘ours’ ‘ours? What do you mean ours? What’s this confusion? She has no one. Famine has reduced her to this wrenched condition. She begs and spends nights under the eve of some house .She wants to come with us and I’ve accepted her.Tilak’s reply was asaccepted, 'I have no objection’
Laxmi got new sweeper and she was happy with her cleanliness and neatness. In her appreciation, Laxmibai asked her,

“You looked so clean and tidies your house the same? Bai come to my house right now. Why do not you? If not, you will argue that I cleaned up first and then showed you around. Come just now come. ’Laxmi felt much after her visit her house that cleanliness does not a prerogative of the upper class only. Her personal conviction was changed considerably and she believed that cleanliness and order depend on the individual, and not in one’s caste. Laxmibai was overwhelmed with emotions and she hugged her and asked her to eat at her house. Sweeper woman replied in answer that if she would be allowed to cook at Laxmibai house. Laxmibai was pleased to accept her condition. When Tilak came to know he uttered, ’You’ve gone ahead of me.’”

Both Laxmibai and Tilak were true Christians and implemented their Christianity in practice. The meaning of Christianity is not restricted to helped those whom missionaries decide but Tilak has reached beyond that when he says,

“We mulled over the situation. How these missionaries have improvised our people. As if the monopoly of helping others is theirs alone! If anyone is in desperate need of something, show him where the missionaries live-is that it? That is all the Christians can give. This habit has been imagined in them. No matter what, the boys will remain with us until proper arrangements are made.”

The end of marriage is very sensitive. as Tilak was suffering after the operation and chances of his recovery was less, it was 9th may 1919 at J.J. hospital Dattu gave Tilak a spoonful of water drop into his mouth. Laxmibai recollects Tilak’s poem:
“Wake up my soul

Adore thy lord, day and night.

A new path opens before you....

Pay homage to God”35

In addition, Tilak breathed his last. Laxmibai spoke to Tara her daughter,

“Tara baby, you must understand. Your mother is gone. Your father is alive. I will never let you be in want. I will see to your education”36

The language of the memoir is simple but full of similes and metaphors. She could create humor and tragedy together from day to day incidents through other narration.

The other day Tilak and Dattu were discussing and Dattu asked Tilak,

“His pollution is better than yours is. He at least openly drinks and eats his food, but you eat in secret. Tilak was shocked and asked him, ‘why, you little... when have I eaten in secret?’ 37

The incident shows that there was internal democracy was developed by them in their family to looked beyond the family but to live up for the people. Laxmibai’s transformation as a philosopher not in literary terms but practically and her narration is very vivid and simple. As she narrates her, philosophy of serious issues likes castes in a simplistic manner. She writes,
“The thoughts that poured through my mind at that moment were so vivid and clear that I am still able to write them down, as they come back to me now. Did God made caste, or did men? If God did, there shouldn’t be some differences between one man and another? Birth and death, ashes and flesh; intellect; good evil; the power to know happiness and pain—wasn’t this common to all mankind? If God made castes among men, why hadn’t he done so among animals? Brahmin bulls, low caste shrudra a bull s, Vaishya crows, non-caste crows—where’s this sort of difference among animals and birds? In addition, Shrudra has not bull’s horns on his head, and the Brahmin does not have Lord Mahadev’s sign on his forehead. There was only one demarcation between humane—that of woman and man. Caste distinctions dissolved, as far as I was concerned—for they had no foundations! In addition, I decided to eat and drink from everybody’s hand.”

The simplicity of language is seen in the similes she is using as she compares her tears with the names of Indian rivers normally used by Indian women at the villages. Here also she writes,

““The rivers Krishna and Koyana were in confluence in this locality. Now, there occurred a confluence within me too. I hugged the sweeper woman why do not you eat at my place.”

Laxmibai has strong attachments with the household products and she used to collect things for her bad period or times. As she writes,

“I, on the contrary, carefully guarded and protected every little piece of junk—I sat at home, as a snake coiled on top of our possessions.”
Laxmibai has mentioned the obligation of each person small or power person when she referred about Dr. Hume and the helped he rendered to Tilak for getting job with the Tract society.

"Dr. Hume had no jurisdiction over Tilak’s newest line of occupation, but our situation could at best, be described as, the man is generous to a fault, while his wife has to go begging. Well aware of this, Dr. Hume argued Tilak’s case with the Tract Society, and got him the job of an editor with a pay of rupees hundred."\(^41\)

The language of Tilak’s prayer is true to itself the under current shows his oneness with Christ as observed in the following couplet,

'I’m perfect, Lord, still very deficient
I shall ever be indebted, remember mine."\(^42\)

Janhavi Achrekar observes,

“Smruti Chitre traces the transformation of child bride into a poet and social revolutionary."\(^43\)

Even in technical descriptions, also she has not forgotten her skills of language when it was a simple matter of checking patients by the doctors spar their routine check-up. but Laxmibai has narrated the scene like this, 'It’s a rare occasion when Jupiter is in Leo, and then, the Brahmins live the offerings to the Ganga- and that was how it was at JJ Hospital, where it was one of the rare times when patients examinations are held and this is a propitious time for students. The doctors- to- be gathered round each patient to examine him minutely, and Tilak in his turn was examined thoroughly. 'She describes her Karachi tour as freedom and remembers Tilak’s poem,
“Where am I looking for you?

Freedom, my friend?

Virtuous ally, comrade in arms, where do you lurk,

In this wilderness of men?

You make me wander in all ten directions; Hunger will touch me not,

Were you in my very heart? For without you,

This world is naught.”

6.4 CONCLUSION:

Laxmibai Tilak in the present autobiography has disclosed the humane elements of her nature. She has set an example for women of our country and for the world in general. She has never claimed herself as a feminist, but her feminine sensibility is observed in every action of her life.

‘Smruti Chitre’ is not only a literary text to be studied but it is a reference to our history and a lesson for the poor and downtrodden. His three main areas Laxmibai has covered through her life is fight against circumstances such as, economic and social, caste barriers and transformation of religion. Before, accepting Christianity as a religion, she has followed the broad hearted approach in adoption of children of any community. Her action is like Florence Nintigale, the lamp of literacy she has spread along with Savitri bai Phule for the Indian women.

There is a clear message throughout Smruti Chitre that obstacles cannot prevent your progress, if you have determination and will to do. She has leave behind a remarkable memory of her linguistic competence and message of philanthropic zeal to follow.
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